

ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

"NO UNION WITH SLAVERHOOD."

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ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

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FRASH.

From the Stark County Democrat.

AN INFIDEL CONVENTION IN PARIS, STARK COUNTY.

MR. EDITOR:—I presume that both you and your readers have heard of Abby Kelley and her associates of the Garrisonian school, who are passing through the northern part of Ohio, imposing their lectures upon nearly every village. Three of them sent an appointment to this place to lecture, which was to commence last Thursday at 2 o'clock, but as no audience appeared, there was no speaking, until about four, and then the audience was small, and the speech small in proportion. But perhaps he was like the boy who said, "if we eat all for breakfast what will we have for supper?" I suppose he was like the Irishman when he went to buy a certain kind of beef, he tho't "nothing" was better than something, and gave them a bit to commence with.

In the evening, Mr. Flint addressed the meeting. He made a violent attack upon the constitution of the United States. He had not proceeded long when the Rev. H. Ambler called for proof of some of the statements, and denied the correctness of his quotations. Mr. A. desired the constitution to be produced. Mr. Flint said that he did not intend to discuss the constitution this evening, but would to-morrow evening. Mr. A. then agreed to drop it provided that he would acknowledge that he had misrepresented. By this time Mr. Stebbins had learned who was opposing them, and fearing that his friend Flint would not be hard enough for him, he pushed him to one side, and took up the cudgel himself. The steam was so high up by this time, that he could scarcely open the valve for fear of an explosion; but finally somewhat relaxing the noise of a bull-frog, he came out on the highest pitch of his voice, "what does the infamous scoundrel mean?" He was soon informed from the audience that such language would not take, and that he must take care who he called such hard names. Mr. A. very deliberately informed him that his controversy was with the gentleman that he had pushed aside, and the New Lisbon paper calls him a goat he would not stoop to such animals. Mr. Stebbins skulked back to his seat like one that was sent for but could not go. Mr. Flint as soon as possible changed the subject to the churches. And here his statements were proven to be incorrect and untrue in five instances. At the close of the meeting a motion was made and carried unanimously that they should leave the place to-morrow morning a little before day. Notwithstanding this polite hint, they had the effrontery to give out their appointment for the next day.

These lecturers opposed, not only all church organization, but the government of the United States, as Mr. A. informed us in the clearest manner. He said that he repudiated the government, he loathed it, that it was disgusting to him—that it was a government of bloodshed, oppression, and force—that he asked not its protection, nor would he accept of it. He said that it robbed him out of the profit of every bargain that he made. He said that Polk and Clay were pirates, and that they ought to be hung, if any man ever ought to be hung; that they drove negroes from Washington to New Orleans; that they were negro breeders and cradle plunderers.

It was stated by them that the nominal church was very corrupt. Mr. Foster says that the Methodist Episcopal Church is more corrupt than any house of ill-fame in the city of New York, that the preachers perpetrate the system of slavery to make themselves out of its helpless victims, &c.

It does not seem that their chaste and patriotic language endeared any person, except a few young ladies, who are no doubt desiring a certain bondage. But these gentlemen went away without making a—out of any of them.

The second evening Mr. Stebbins occupied the stand with his usual want of interest except when he would give vent to some of his spleen against the States or churches. He, in the course of his remarks, made some incorrect statements about the general conference of 1844, in the case of Bishop Andrew when Rev. J. Murray corrected him.

About this time some of the crowd began to throw some eggs, for the unbecoming spirit

ran high. The only thing that prevented a mob, was the successful opposition that they met with. J. Murray then moved that they resolve themselves into a meeting of the citizens of Paris, Stark county; carried unanimously. Dr. Beabout was then called to the chair, and the following resolutions passed. (I only give the substance.)

1. Resolved, That in the opinion of this meeting the followers of W. Lloyd Garrison, by their sweeping denunciations, evince their total ignorance of human nature, and must inevitably fail to accomplish any good to the anti-slavery cause, but must stir up the worst passions of the human heart, and close up every avenue to the understanding and sympathy.

2. Resolved, That the position taken by the followers of W. L. Garrison, is left anti-patriotic. 2d. That it evinces deep, heartfelt malignity to revealed christianity. 3d. That it invites back with open arms to our warmest host Italy old toothless and decrepit heathenism with all its superstition and idolatry.

3. Resolved, That these persons are not laboring for the abolition of slavery, but for the spreading of British interests and infidel principles, while their secret motto is, "strike, but conceal the hand that gives the blow."

4. Resolved, That the course pursued by the Garrisonians at their last anniversary, and carried out by those who are traversing our country and propagating the sentiments of that body, is highly prejudicial to the cause of emancipation.

5. Resolved, That the effort which has been made to cast reproach upon the churches of our country, by those who operate with the Garrisonian school, deserves the abhorrence of all who are friendly to religion and good morals.

6. Resolved, That the abuse cast upon the constitution of the United States, and upon our civil authorities, is well calculated to weaken the restraints of government, and sow the seeds of insurrection, and is in fact a most loathsome pestilence, which cannot prevail to any great extent without endangering the security of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, and therefore deserve the unmeasured disapprobation of all good American citizens.

7. Resolved, That in the denunciations which we cast upon W. Lloyd Garrison and his associates, we neither apologize for slavery nor refuse to use our influence for its overthrow, but upon the opposite we are willing to use every prudent means for the overthrow of the system of oppression.

8. Resolved, That we do most heartily disapprove of the attempt which has been made to show indignation to the persons of those whose consciences and conduct we have condemned in the present day resolutions.

A motion was then made that the gentleman proceed, but they declined so to do, and the meeting was adjourned. These gentlemen took their departure next morning, but left their converts behind.

A PARISONIAN.

From the Brandon (Miss.) Discriminator.

We received by the last mail, the Liberty Herald, a paper published in Warren, Trumbull county, Ohio. We see in said paper, fifty anti-slavery conventions. Fifteen appointments are made already for that purpose; and a number of appointments for meetings for Giles B. Stebbins and Miss Abby Kelley, Benjamin S. Jones and Miss Jane Elizabeth Hitchcock. Now, we will just say to William J. Tait, Editor of this Liberty Herald, that it is a waste of your paper to send it to the State of Mississippi. You had best give it to Miss Kelly and Miss Hitchcock. We hope that Miss Abby and Miss Elizabeth can find suitable companions, amongst the lot of black negroes, you boast so much of running away from their owners—or most probable stolen from them, by just such fanatics as Mr. Tait and the Misses Abby and Elizabeth. Now sir, if you and all such mad fanatics would take the advice of one who wishes for the peace and happiness of all men, you will turn to the plough; Misses Abby and Elizabeth, to the spinning wheel. That would be honest, decent, and suit all such characters much better than troubling others business.

Don't send any more papers to this State, for you may be well assured, that they will meet with a warm reception that will reduce them to ashes! And if you should visit the sunny South, you will see the slaves enjoying more freedom, and better provided for, than you or Miss Abby, or any other of the poorer classes in your boasted free states.—if therefore you are what you pretend to be; just attend to preserve the liberty of your country. An all-wise Providence will take care of the liberty and well being of his creatures, without your or Abby's aid.—Miss Abby must be a relative of the foolkiller Kelley, that visited the south some time since. He is much wanted now in Ohio.—You should call him home. He would find constant employ, it appears from the number of fool conventions you have advertised in the Herald.

MISS KELLEY.—This lady, agreeable to her notice, was in this place on the 25th, 26th and 27th ult. From press of business, we were unable to attend her meetings long enough to warrant us in giving any account of them. Foster, who accompanied her, we understand, was violent and abusive, besides using the most indecent and vulgar language which is generally to be found among the most low and contemptible class of community. Some of our Liberty friends met Miss Kelley in debate, and we are informed that

they "held their row" with her pretty well. She went from here to Youngstown, where she was to "let off steam" four days.—[Warren Liberty Herald.]

ANTI-SLAVERY.

UNIVERSAL REFORM.

Ever since the contest between the good and bad angels of society began, there has been a class of minds which receives the truths of reform metaphysically, but finds it infinitely easier and more convenient to keep its enthusiasm ready molten in the form of theory, than to allow it to run into and harden in any of the thousand moulds of action. These philosophers are not satisfied with any single effort at progress—calling it isolated and fragmentary. They would have reformers strike at the very root of the evil and one of them tells us that this root is here, and another tells us it is there, and a third, with yet greater confidence, asserts that it is every where. Meanwhile the sore boils with which God hath smitten our social system grow more and more loathsome, and their corruption spreads without molestation.

The position of these advocates of universal reform is a peculiarly agreeable one. It is easy in a social point of view, because the world has no quarrel with men who interfere with its prodigal courses only in the polite way of theory, and because reform can have nothing to say against those who give it a metaphysical adherence. It is also a position extremely flattering to self-love. They criticize all parties, and tacitly assume (what is too often granted to them by the unthinking) a superior wisdom to all. They are men who stand upon a hill at a safe distance from the field of battle and criticize through their philosophical telescopes the movements of the simple fellows who endure all the sweat and dust and peril of the conflict, condemning them, even when victorious, for having gained the fight by some blunder in technicalities, and by their quiet air of superior wisdom, almost persuading the scorned veterans who have achieved the hard-won success that they are no better than defeated. They remind one of that "paramecium" fellow who so bitterly inflamed the gall of honest Hotspur.

But whatever may be the speculative methods proposed by these social hydropathists (who would cure all the existing evils of society by throwing cold water upon the efforts of practical reformers) their real system always resolves itself into nothing more than a new application of that infamous recipe for the recovery of lost sheep invented by Little Boatswain in the country of the Jews.

"Little Boatswain has lost his sheep, And how do you think he'll find 'em? Let 'em alone and they'll all come home Wagging their tails behind 'em."

What infidel so unreasonable as to desire a more complete or simple remedy for all the diseases of society than this of letting them alone?

But there are some unfortunate mental organizations which are pursued by an irresistible impulse to be at work and to which activity seems a necessary pre-requisite for health. Of this unhappy class the Abolitionists are prominent examples, and we confess that we cannot help feeling a very decided sympathy with them. Far be it from us to detract from the superlative merit of the Thinkers of Reform. He who invents great ideas is often a true working-man than he who labors with his hands. He who sets up and kindles the beacon of an inspiring thought, who forges the weapons of reform, the impregnable passkey of a noble principle, is a chief benefactor of his race. But we need also the self-devoted translators of these divine oracles into the language of the people, the fiery-hearted enthusiasts who apply these dangerous tests to the existing order of things, and become the practical warriors and apostles of the new dispensation. What nobler spectacle than to see both united as in Garrison and Burleigh and W. H. Channing!

We do not mean to include among these practitioners about "Universal Reform" any of those who are sincerely and actively engaged in the promotion of any scheme for the bettering of Society, however visionary it may appear to ourselves. These we accept as fellow-laborers with us, and we are willing that they should call us fragmentary so they cast no stumbling-blocks in our way. But we must break without remorse through the fine-spun gossamers of these theorists who, while they are looking every where but to the solid earth on which they tread, lead their unsuspecting followers through the brambles of foolish speculation, to leave them at last foundering in the slough of inaction. These men are like the followers of Ulysses, who had eaten of the lotus and became straightway oblivious of country and friends, and loved only to dream with closed eyes of former labors and perils, wholly unfitted for the undertaking of new ones.

It is true that there is a unity in evil, and that reformers should be content with nothing less than some universal remedy. But it is no less true that there is also a unity in reform. The blow which a solitary reformer strikes upon the minutest nerve of evil sends a painful thrill up to the great central heart. Abolitionists may well be content to be called fragmentary while they are in truth breaking up the ground and preparing the way for universal reform.

We must begin somewhere. While more far-seeing minds are drawing plans for a great campaign and concerting measures for the defeat of sin in one great overthrow,

surely he is doing no harm (call him guerrilla warrior if you will) who storms a single citadel and takes from the enemy the prestige of hitherto uninterrupted victory.—There are evils in our midst as bad, perhaps worse, than Southern slavery. Why, then, attack that and leave these unmolested? Because in attacking that we are also attacking these; because the human race is essentially one, and a disease in one place prevents health in all the rest, and because we can more easily rouse men's attention to so barbarous and gross a perversion of right. He is no true Abolitionist who can look approvingly, or even silently, upon any fellow who is not outspoken and faithful in his tendency against every wrong and every vice.

If we devote our greatest energies to awaken men to the horror of slavery, we are using the best means to make that universal reformers. Truth will never test selfishness with a corner of the heart; she will have all or none. The man whom we have induced to enlist in the crusade against slavery, finds that all other evils are the natural allies and abettors of that, and sees himself drawn up against the united front of all.—The anti-slavery movement in America is at once an example and a proof of this. Begun with no aim beyond the extinction of chattel slavery, it gradually discovered itself at odds with war, with the system of free labor (so called,) with the enslavement of women, with the church, in short with the Christianity of the nineteenth century. It found it impossible to apply Christianity to practice in one direction alone, and it became in the truest sense the apostle of Jesus. No wonder that the Scribes and Pharisees and Levites stand apart from this movement. For centuries to come the disciples of Christ must be known by the heavy cross they bear, yet, noble band of martyrs, despair not.—dearly the mountain-peaks of the horizon are becoming visible in the growing dawn.—From *glorious Freedom*.

A SOUTHERN SCENE.

Extract of a letter received by Nathan Henshaw, of Randolph county, Indiana, from a correspondent in the South:

"The crying injustice and cruelty of slavery had frequently engaged my attention during the course of this journey, but never more than while in this place, where this oppressed race is very numerous, and frequently sold at auction like cattle. At one of these sales I was much affected in hearing a young colored man pleading his cause. His aged father and mother, and his wife and child were all around him upon a stage, so that they might be seen by the buyers, they being about to be sold. The young man stepped forward and stood beside them, but was soon ordered down. He said he wanted to be sold with them; but was told he could not as it was a sale to satisfy a mortgage upon the others, to which he was not included. He pleaded with very affecting and moving language, to show how hard it was to be separated from his family; but it was all to no purpose. When he saw that his prayers were unheeded, and that the others would be sold without him, he burst into a flood of tears, and in the anguish of his feelings, besought those sitting to help him; 'help,' said he, 'I would rather sit than be separated from my family.' Upon this he was dragged off the auction, and driven away."

"The coming went on building, apparently as unconcerned as though the auctioneer had been selling sheep, while the screams and prayers of the aged parents, and those of the bereaved wife, with her infant in her arms, went up to heaven in the poor young man, who had been so intimately torn from them. Besides these victims of cruel and unchristian avarice, there was a large number more confined in a cellar, who were brought out and sold to different purchasers. Thus it is that near relatives are violently separated, never to see each other again in this world!"

From Herald of Freedom.

American Christianity Developed.

The papers of last week announce two events, in a manner that unfolds the spirit and character of the national religion beyond all necessity for any further misapprehension.—One is the death of Andrew Jackson, and the other the joining the church of Henry Clay. The one it is said, expired with the utmost calmness, expressing the highest confidence of a happy immortality through a Redeemer; the other (the Congressional Journal solemnly says, "we are truly rejoiced to learn") has recently become a convert to Christ's Church, Lexington, Kentucky.

And who are these men that the religious newspapers and American clergy are so proud to identify as fellow christians? Who are men to members of their churches, and honorary members of their Missionary and Sabbath Associations while living, and when dead, are exalted to a seat at the right hand of the Most High? Who are extolled as lights in the world, as worthy patterns to be imitated by those of humble mould? Who are the idols of their respective political parties, and receive in untold numbers, the suffrages of priests, deacons, and church members for the highest office in the people's gift? Who are names inscribed on our vessels, from Man of war to Mud Scur, after whom our forts, corporations, canals, bridges and turnpikes are called, and to whose honor and memory churches may yet be erected, and into whose name baptized, as patron saints? St. Jackson and St. Clay, in calendar with St. Peter and St. Patrick!—whose great toe bones

may yet be hallowed and enshrined with those other "precious relics of the church," the Virgin Mary's milk, a vial of Egypt's darkness, the jaw bone with which Sampson slew the Philistines, and the bits of wood from the cross on which Christ died, enough of which fragments are preserved (and all of the identical cross) to build a dozen steeped synagogues. Who are these men, and what, that they should be thus signally honored by the pious and the prayerful of our times?—What have they done that the church thus graciously seizes on their names to emblazon a road her own greatness, her exceeding excellence and glory?

Andrew Jackson dies—the church eulogizes his character, and democracy goes into mourning. But the earth is ridden of a monster, and humanity is delivered from a ravenous devourer. His hand was thicker than itself with his brother's blood. His political pilgrimage was signally marked with intrigue and deceit, even for a politician, and ended with a superhuman and too successful effort to prolong and extend slavery, by hoisting Texas from her depths of ignominy into union with these confederated States.—His treatment of the Cherokee, Creek, and other tribes of Indians, will damn his memory forever, in the eyes of a virtuous posterity, who shall hereafter read the history of those diabolical transactions.

Long has he lived, but not to bless mankind. He pretended to fight the battles of Freedom, but he returned to rivet fetters on millions of his colored brethren. He extolled the bravery of his colored regiments at the battle of New Orleans, and then hurled them down to the gulf of despair, to die in heavy chains. And lest their children's children should in long after time wake to liberty, at the archangel's clarion now sounding by the sons and daughters of Humanity, he fingers on the grave, hequeaths his slaves to his heirs, and with husky voice, and lip and cheek blanched and quivering in death, he decrees and bequeaths the annexation of Texas, to extend and eternalize the slave system, then sinks to rise no more.

Now let his friends rear proud the marble Monument and engrave his name in brass. Time shall move down the one and trample out the other. Let the church canonize him as a saint, a very patron of all that is excellent in the christian, and great and desirable in the man. But when men shall learn to hate war, to loathe rapine, abhor blood, and detest oppression as they ere long shall, it will all avail nothing to rescue his name from deepest oblivion, or shield it from dishonor and disgrace.

And Henry Clay too. HE HAS JOINED THE CHURCH.—Perhaps the first dream he had of his illness, was when the church began to make him honorary member of some of her Sunday and Missionary corporations.—What has he done with and for his sixty slaves? Some of them are doubtless what the church calls christians. Christ is formed in them, and God in Christ. And what-saver is done "to one of these little ones" is done to Christ. Henry Clay then castles, hogs, sells, whips and drives the very God and Saviour whose church he thus falsely joins. And the church trumpets its communion through the earth with as much holy glee as do the fallen fiends through the glooms of Perdition.

In developments, such as these, let American religion be read and understood. It matters not how bloody the warrior, how murderous the duelist, how depraved the gambler, how polluted the libertine, only let him prate well about "glorious immortality through a Redeemer," like Jackson, and talk of "the sacredness of the Sabbath," like Henry Clay or Daniel Webster, and the church will send her coach and six to convey him in royal state to Paradise. She needs great names now, that her Holy spirit has left her, out of which to make capital.—And she must have them. No matter for the character. She would make a deacon or a D. D. of the devil, and it should be Deacon Devil, or Doctor Devil, around, or in every pulpit—only let him speak well of her sanctuary and sacraments, her Sabbath and her slaveholding.

And his Satanic Majesty is worthy. Indeed, is he not, at least by proxy, a member now, in the version of many a political hack, whose infamy is equalled by nothing but the unblushing hypocrisy with which he puts on the livery of heaven.

The church has lost her revivals, and is trying her hand now at securing great names, still to awe the people and prolong her existence. She knows we are prone to "the afraid of that which is high." But her designs shall be overthrown. There are those who teach the people (if they need teaching) to scorn them. There are those who will laugh at the dragon idols and blood-besmeared saints she elects to her societies, or receives into her communion. There are those who will strip off the very winding sheet of the dead to reveal the blackness and depravity of their hearts, if the church sets up these depraved and black-hearted, to be honored or imitated. No sacred sanctuary, no solemn sepulchre, no priestly paucity, no plaudits of political partisans, shall shield the infamous, from the odium that attaches to their character. A priest, a president or a politician, is but a man. Hardly that.—And while a raged, untitled, uneducated, unconverted, unbaptized, unordained sinner is denounced and hung for his crimes, there are those who will at least brand (not punish) as equal or grosser fellows, the men who cover baser deeds and blacker characters under robes of honor, office, professions, piety and prayers.